

## THE LADY'S

## MISCELLANY;

OR,

THE

WEEKLY

VISITOR.



FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

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[No. 11.]

## THE ABBEY OF

## CLUNEDALE.

*A Tale.*

Had all nature fallen in dissolution around me, my astonishment could never been greater than what I felt by these words. The very marrow froze in my bones, and I stood fixed to the ground an image of despair and guilt. Meantime the life blood of the unhappy Walsingham ebbed fast away, and he expired at my feet, and in the arms of his beloved sister, who, at this event, perhaps unfortunately for us both, relapsed into a state of insensibility. My own emotions, on recovering from the stupor into which I had been thrown, were those I believe of frenzy, nor can I now dwell upon them with safety, nor without a partial direktion of intellect. Suffice it to say, that I had sufficient presence of mind left to apply for assistance at the nearest cottage, and that the hapless victims of my folly were at length conveyed to the habitation of Matilda. Another dreadful scene awaited her, the recognition of her husband as the murderer of her brother;—this, through the at-

tention of my friends, for I myself was incapable of acting with rationality, was for some time postponed; it came, at length, however, thro' the agonies of my remorse and contrition, to her knowledge, and two months have scarce elapsed since I placed her by the side of her poor brother, who, at the fatal moment of our rencontre, had not been many months returned from the studies, and was in person a perfect stranger to your friend, Beneath that marble slab they rest, my Courtenay, and ere this, I believe, and through the medium of my own lawless hand, I should have partaken of their grave, had not my beloved sister, my amiable and gentle Caroline, stepped in, like an angel, between her brother and destruction.

'Singular as it may appear, the greatest satisfaction I now receive, is from frequent visits to this tomb of Matilda and her brother; there, over the reliques of those I have injured to implore the mercy of an offended Deity; such however, are the agonies I suffer from the recollection of my crime, that even this resource would be denied me, were it not for the intervention of the powers of music: partial I

have ever been to this enchanting art, and I am indebted to it for the mitigation and repression of feelings, that would otherwise exhaust my shattered frame. You have witnessed the severe struggles of remorse, which at times agitate this afflicted heart; you have likewise seen the soothing and salutary effects of harmony. My Caroline's voice and harp have thus repeatedly lulled to repose the fever of a wounded spirit, the workings nearly of despair. A state of mind friendly to devotion, and no longer at war with itself, is usually the effect of sweet and pathetic strains; it is then I think myself forgiven; it is then I seem to hear the gentle accents of my Matilda, in concert with the heavenly tones; they whisper of eternal peace, and sensations of unutterable pleasure steal thro' every nerve.

'When such is the result, when peace and piety are the offspring of the act, you will not wonder at my visits to this melancholy ruin; soon as the shades of evening have spread their friendly covert, twice a week we hasten hither from our cottage a scene, similar to what you have been a spectator of to-night, takes place, and we retire to rest, in the little rooms which we have rendered habitable in the dormitory. In the morning, very early, we quit the house of penitence and prayer, and such is the dread which the occasional glimmerings of light, & the sounds of distant music have given birth to

in the country, that none but our servant, who is faithful to the secret, dare approach near the place; we have consequently hitherto, save by yourself, remained undiscovered, and even unsuspected.

'Such, my friend is the history of my crimes and sufferings, and such the causes of the phenomena you have beheld to-night—but see, Courtenay, my lovely Caroline, she to whom, under heaven I am indebted for any portion of tranquility I yet enjoy, is approaching to meet us. I can discern her by the whiteness of her robes, gliding down yon distant aisle.'

Caroline had become apprehensive of her brother, and had stolen from the dormitory, with a view of checking a conversation, which she was afraid would prove too affecting for his spirits. Edward beheld her as she drew near, rather as a being from the blest, the messenger of peace and virtue, than as partaking of the faculties of humanity. If the beauties of her person had before interested him in her favor, her conduct toward the unhappy Clifford had given him the fullest conviction of the purity and goodness of her heart, of the strength and energy of her mind, and from this moment he determined if possible, to secure an interest in a bosom so fraught with all that could exalt and decorate the lot of life.

He was compelled, however, though reluctantly, to take leave



of his friends for the night, and hasten to remove the extreme alarm into which his servants had been thrown by his unexpected detention. They had approached as near as their fears would permit them, to the abbey, for to enter its precincts was indeed they thought too daring for man, and had there exerted all their strength, though in vain, in repeatedly calling him by his name. It was therefore with a joy, little short of madness, they again beheld their master, who as soon as these symptoms of rapture had subsided, had great difficulty in repressing their curiosity, which was on full stretch for information from another world.

It may here perhaps be necessary to add that time, and the soothing attentions of his beloved sister, restored at length to perfect peace, and to the almost certain hope of pardon from the Deity, the hitherto agitated mind of Clifford. —I can add also that time saw the union of Caroline and Edward, and that with them at the hospitable mansion of the Courtenays, Clifford passed the remainder of his days.

*(Concluded.)*

## THE UNEXPECTED DECLARATION.

*A Tale.*

The first temptations and inclination to serve from the paths of honor and propriety of conduct

ought to be carefully guarded against, and firmly resisted, as otherwise we may incensable be led into the most reprehensible errors, the effects of which may prove fatal to all our future peace and happiness.

Charles Euston and Frederic Barlow, having been educated in the same public seminary, had contracted an intimacy with each other which increased every day into the closest connection and with their ripening years produced the warmest and most enthusiastic friendship. In their youthful sports they were inseparable, and they seemed to possess their little property in common. Neither could want any thing that belonged to the other, for the moment his wish was discovered by his companion it was at his disposal. In their business in the school, each aided the other to the utmost of his ability; and in any little dispute with their companions they invariable took part with each other. When they had obtained to more mature years, the same disinterested friendship continued between them; and though they were now sometimes separated from each other for considerable intervals, an epistolary correspondence maintained their inviolable connection; and their temporary separations seemed only to render their attachment to each other still more close and strong.

When a few years had thus passed on, a more tender and more

forcible passion than that of friendship arose in the breast of Mr. Euston. He had seen Amelia War-  
ton. He saw, and he admired; he  
admired, and he loved; he loved,  
and he sought her approbation of  
his passion. This his sincere and  
natural expressions of his ardent  
affection soon obtained; for Amelia  
was no coquette, and a stranger to  
affectation. With a most delicate  
modesty, and in a language which  
the heart well understands, she gave  
her consent that he should love  
her; and Mr. Euston felt a happi-  
ness utterly unknown to him before.  
He seemed as it were to be born  
into a new world, a new world of  
transcendent felicity.

In his next letter to his friend  
Frederic, he communicated to him  
his happiness. He described his  
lovely Amelia in the most glowing  
and rapturous language. He ex-  
patriated on the delicacy of her  
manners, the gentleness of her  
disposition, & the benign goodness  
of her heart. In short she for-  
med almost the only subject of his  
letter; for as he could think of  
nothing else, so of nothing else  
could he write.

A short time after Mr. Barlow  
made a visit to his friend Euston  
and was by him introduced to the  
idol of his heart, the charming  
Amelia. Fatal, alas! was the  
introduction to all the parties.  
Mr. Barlow had smiled at the  
paenegyric of his friend George, on

the beauties and admirable qual-  
ities of his mistress; he had taken  
it for merely the rhapsody of a lov-  
er who had been blinded to de-  
fects by his passion; but when  
he beheld Amelia, he was so struck  
at the first sight of her, that all the  
eulogiums of his friend appeared  
to him poor and barren in com-  
parison with her excellence. The  
more he gazed, and the more he  
conversed with her, the more he  
admired her; and this admiration  
soon became a most violent pas-  
sion, which might be called love,  
could that name be given to what  
is contrary to every obligation of  
honor, to every claim of friendship.  
Though the solemn union of hands  
had not absolutely taken place be-  
tween Mr. Euston and Amelia,  
Mr. Barlow knew well that their  
hearts were pledged to each other:  
and his conscience could not but  
tell him that it was base and even  
criminal in no small degree to at-  
tempt to break such a bond, espe-  
cially when it could only be done  
by acting in the most treacherous  
manner towards the man with  
whom he had always lived in ha-  
bits of the strictest and most ar-  
dent friendship.

But Mr. Barlow did not attempt  
to restrain his reprehensible pas-  
sion, but suffered it to increase up-  
on him till he formed the perfidi-  
ous design to supplant, if possible,  
his friend. He found some op-  
portunities of being with Amelia  
when Mr. Euston was not present,  
for the generous disposition of the



latter prevented his perceiving or even suspecting the designs of his now treacherous friend. On these occasions he always spoke to her very slightly of Mr. Euston, and endeavoured to insinuate that he was by no means the man he appeared to be either in character, disposition, or property. When he hoped that by these suggestions he had made some impression on her, he took an opportunity, when they were alone in a park near the residence of Mr. Euston, to throw himself in a suppliant posture, and make a most vehement declaration of his passion. Amelia was thunder-struck, and stood like one almost deprived of sense. When she had recovered herself a little from the first shock, she endeavoured to get from him: but he forcibly detained her, and behaved as if frantic; while she trembled in the utmost agitation, and cried out aloud for assistance, under the strongest impressions of fear for her person.

It chanced that at this very time Mr. Euston had unexpectedly returned home, and was coming into the park in quest of his dear Amelia and his friend. He heard her cries with equal astonishment and alarm, and hastily rushing forwards to the spot, found that his bosom friend in whom he never could have conceived the existence of treachery, was the author of the assault. Rage and indignation on the part of Mr. Euston, surprised him: on the part of the per-

fidious assailant, and confusion and terror on that of Amelia, rendered them all three for some moments silent. At length, the injured lover having enquired of Amelia what had passed, and been imperfectly informed by her, as well as the extreme agitation she suffered would permit, burst forth in a torrent of the bitterest reproaches on the base attempter to supplant him in the affections of her he held dearer than his life. Barlow, enraged at the detection, and the contemptible situation in which he was placed, answered with equal vehemence and asperity, and from mutual invectives they passed, not indeed to immediate blows, but to a challenge to decide their fatal dispute with pistols. In despite of all the entreaties, of all the adjurations of the agonised Amelia, they met, according to appointment, a few hours afterwards. At the first fire each wounded his antagonist. Mr. Euston received the ball in his body, and Mr. Barlow in the upper part of the arm. Mr. Euston's wound appeared at first the most serious; but the bone of Mr. Barlow's arm being shattered, and a mortification beginning to make its appearance, he was obliged to suffer amputation. The ball was extracted from Mr. Euston's wound, and he seemed to be in no danger, but in a few months it appeared that some internal part of consequence had been so much injured as to produce a rapid decline, to which he fell a victim in less than a twelve-month. Amelia,

from the shock she had experienced, and the effect of immoderate grief for his loss, survived him but a little more than a year; and the bitter remorse which rent the heart of the suffering Barlow, when he recollected the mischief he had occasioned, rendered him, perhaps, more to be pitied than those who had ended their sorrows by death.

Such was the scene of misery occasioned by not restraining the violence of an improper and dishonorable passion on its first appearance.

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#### MEMOIRS

*of the LIFE of the late Honorable*

#### WILLIAM PITT.

WILLIAM PITT was the youngest son of the illustrious earl of Chatham, and was born on the 28th of May 1759, when his father's glory was at its zenith; and when, in consequence of the wisdom of his counsels and the vigour and promptitude of his decisions, British valour was triumphant in every part of the globe. On the accession of his present majesty, that great statesman retired from the situation which he had so honorably filled, and consigning his two eldest sons to the care of others, devoted the whole of his time to the education of William, on a strong, and, as the event shewed, a well-founded persuasion,

that, to use his own words, 'he would one day increase the splendour of the name of Pitt.'

His classical knowledge Mr. Pitt acquired under the care of a private tutor at Burton-Pynsent, the seat of his father; and the earl took great pleasure in teaching him while yet a youth to argue with logical precision, and to speak with elegance and force. He himself frequently entered into disputations with him, and encouraged him to converse with others upon subjects far above what could be expected from his years. In the management of these arguments his father would never cease to press him with difficulties, nor would he permit him to stop till the subject of contention was completely exhausted. By being inured to this method, the son acquired that quality which is of the first consequence in public life—a sufficient degree of firmness and presence of mind, as well as a ready delivery, in which he was wonderfully aided by nature.

At between 14 and 16 years of age, he was placed under the care of a very worthy and enlightened clergyman. Mr. (now Dr.) Wilson, and sent to Pembroke college Cambridge; where he was admitted under the tuition of Messrs. Turner and Prettyman (the former now Dr. Turner, dean of Norwich; the latter bishop of Lincoln). These able men seconded to the utmost of their power the intentions of



his father. In Cambridge he became a model to the young nobility and fellow commoners; and it was not doubted that if the privileges of his rank had not exempted him from the usual exercises for his bachelor's degree, he would have been found among the first competitors for academical honors. On his admission, according to custom, to his master's degree, the public orator found it needless to search into genealogy, or even to dwell on the great qualities of his father; for the eyes of the university were fixed on the youth, the enraptured audience assented to every encomium, and every breast was filled with the liveliest presages of his future greatness.

Mr. Pitt was afterwards entered a student of Dincoln's-Inn, and made such a rapid progress in his legal studies as to be soon called to the bar with every prospect of success. He went once or twice upon the western circuit, and appeared as junior counsel in several causes. He was, however, destined to fill a more important station in the government of his country than is usually obtained through the channel of the law.

In the year 1781 he was returned a member of the house of commons for the borough of Apelby. Some of his friends at Cambridge had proposed that he should stand a candidate for representing that university; but he declined the honor, except it were unanimously

offered to him. His first speech in parliament was delivered on Mr. Burke's motion for financial reform, and in the division on that question he voted with the minority. In fact, he might be considered, though he spoke and voted independently, as having joined the party which had opposed the minister lord North and the American war, and who regarded him with a degree of veneration, recognising in his person the genius of his illustrious father revived, and as it were acting in him.

When lord North was succeeded by the marquis of Rockingham in 1782, Mr. Pitt did not form any connection with the new administration. He was then assiduously occupied in the study of political philosophy, and in investigating the history, detail, and spirit of the British constitution. He saw that notwithstanding the excellence of the system, various corruptions had arisen, and many abuses introduced, which, it was of high importance to correct, and which he conceived to emanate from a want of equipoise of the component estates, and a consequent derangement of the balance.

Like another young men of lofty genius and grand conceptions, accustomed to generalization, and not yet acquainted with the practice of affairs, he formed theories at that time which experience taught him afterwards to renounce. He brought forward a motion for

a committee to enquire into the state of representation in parliament, and to report their sentiments : in which he was supported by Messrs. Fox and Sheridan.

On the death of the marquis of Rockingham, lord Shelburne was appointed to succeed him as first lord of the treasury ; and Mr. Pitt accepted the office of chancellor of the exchequer, the duties of which he performed with great merit and distinction, but without taking any very active interest in the party politics of the time.

He resigned his office on the 31st of March 1783, when a coalition formed by Mr. Fox with lords North and Thurlow forced lord Shelburne to retire, to make way for his opponents. On the seventh of May of that year, he again brought forward a motion for a reform in parliament, in a less general form than he had done in the preceding year. Instead of moving for a committee of inquiry, he proposed specific propositions, the object of which was to prevent bribery at elections, to disfranchise a borough which should be convicted of gross corruption, and to augment the national representation by the election of one hundred additional members. The motion was negatived by a large majority.

The next occasion which Mr. Pitt had of displaying his knowledge was on the introduction of Mr. Fox's India bill, which he at-

tacked with much force of language and splendour of eloquence, as 'annihilating chartered rights, and creating a new and immense body of influence unknown to the British constitution.'

Notwithstanding his opposition, in which he was powerfully supported by Mr. Dundas, the measure was carried through the house of commons with a very large majority. The efforts which he had made on this occasion were not, however, fruitless. Petitions were sent in from all quarters against the bills and on the motion for its commitment in the house of peers it was finally thrown out ; in consequence of which the coalition ministry was dissolved by the king who has always have understood to have been hostile to the measure in his individual capacity.

On this event the places of chancellor of the exchequer and first lord of the treasury were immediately conferred on Mr. Pitt. Raised to this elevated situation at the early age of twenty-five years, he had few and unprecedented difficulties to combat. Mr. Fox, his opponent, had still a large majority in the house of commons, without the support of which no ministry can be of long duration. Mr. Pitt had no family influence, no extended political association, no one of those adventitious props which often supply the place of real advantages ; he rested solely upon his own abilities, aided by those



whose admiration and confidence his intellectual and moral character had secured, without any means of extending his influence and increasing his friends but those to be found in his own head and heart. If talents and conduct could not create a general confidence and support he had no other means of standing secure against attacks of his adversaries. Instead, in these circumstances, of shrinking from the assaults of his opponents, he attacked them on their own ground, and on January the fourteenth, '84 introduced a bill into parliament for the better management and regulation of the affairs of the East India company. The leading difference between this and Mr. Fox's plan was, that Mr. Pitt left the charter of the company untouched, and the commercial concerns of this corporation of merchants under the sole management of the proprietors themselves, and directors of their choice; whereas Mr. Fox had wished to make an entire transfer of the company's affairs to commissioners nominated in parliament, with a duration of authority for the term of four years. This bill, which resembled in many particulars that which had proved the ruin of Mr. Fox, laid the foundation of the permanence of Mr. Pitt's administration.—Parties, however, continued to run so high, that a number of partial and independent men employed themselves in endeavours to bring about a coalition, with a view of forming an administration

from the two contending sides, of which Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox were to be the pillars. A meeting was held at St. Alban's tavern, on the 26th of January 1784, in which an address was signed by 53 members of the house of commons, recommending a union to this effect, which was presented to the duke of Portland and Mr. Pitt. The latter expressed a willingness to enter into the views of the committee; but the duke of Portland insisting, that as a preliminary, he should resign his place, the negotiation was suspended. The duke was afterwards invited to a conference with Mr. Pitt, at the express desire of the king, for the purpose of forming a new administration on equal terms, which never took place, from Mr. Pitt refusing to come to an explanation of the word equal; and here the negotiation was finally terminated.

This parliament, which had witnessed more changes in the executive power of the country than perhaps any parliament before or since, was dissolved on the twenty-fourth of March. On the sixteenth of May following the new parliament met, and from that period may be dated the commencement of Mr. Pitt's efficient administration.—*To be Continued.*

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#### MAXIM.

If an idle man knew the value of time, he would not be so desirous of killing it.

## SOBER TRUTHS.

Man, as soon as he is capable of reflection, pants for happiness, and pursues the object with as much earnestness, as if it was really to be obtained in this life. The objects around him appear to wear the aspect of pleasure, and seem to possess sufficient in themselves, to inspire peace and joy in his bosom; though he indulges even to excess, in the gratification of his appetites? Yet, after all, he remains unsatisfi'd, and like the yawning Grave, still cries, 'Give,'—in the midst of plenty he languishes: and in the enjoyment of health, his soul sickens and faints. Would you ask then where true happiness is to be found? It is only to be experienced, in the joys and exercises, of true, and undefiled Religion, which not only give a zest, to their delights? but are in themselves, the greatest, and unspeakable joys,—we will find in the practice of vital piety, more solid and substantial pleasure, than ever the natural man, could boast, the repetition of which will never surfeit, and the continuance of which, will never produce disgust. Pleasures? whose duration; will brighten the gloomy passage of death's dark vale and enter with us into eternity. Where we shall enjoy their full fruition.

Vain, are the empty toys of earth,  
No solid comfort from them spring;  
Trifles they are of little worth;  
And leave behind a painful sting.

Superior joys, the christian knows,  
(Joys not with such to be compar'd,)  
These shall to full fruition grow,  
And bring a sure and sweet reward.  
E.

## VARIETY.

## ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

[The following is taken from a little work published some time ago entitled—"Every man his own Fattener." It affords at least a pleasing contrast to the servile method pursued by authors living under monarchical governments, the writer justly preferring himself to the high and mighty—most gracious majesty, or the right honorable the noble Count, &c.]

## DEDICATION.

## TO MYSELF.\*

'A dedication to himself!' exclaims a critic—'Who has ever thought of dedicating a book to himself?' And pray, Mr. Critic who authorised you to interrupt me? Here, Jack, show this gentleman down stairs, and let me get on with my dedication.

*To myself,*

Sir, in dedicating this valuable work to you, I shall not begin with a panegyric on your elevated rank eminent qualifications, and enlightened understanding; for between

\* Goldsmith dedicated part of his works to Mr. Posterity. S. D. T. C. shows more wisdom in dedicating to MYSELF. Posterity never will buy a bonnet for his wife, or a frock for my daughter; therefore I declare for MYSELF. NICK BOTTOM.



you and I, (that is between *you* and *yourself*, or *me* and *myself*) the less we say on that subject, the better. No I will not flatter you; I will proceed, on surer grounds, and inform you, that it is your interest to patronise my book, and if your high-sounding name protects me not, I shall be very roughly handled by the critics, and so shall you; but I presume it will be useless for me to say any thing farther to you on the subject.—  
‘A word to the wise.’

I am your humble self,  
SOLOMON D. T. CEPHALIGO.

#### IRISH NOBILITY.

When Lord Carteret was viceroy of Ireland he one day requested the favour of Dean Swift to cast an eye over his levee book, and inform him whether the whole of the Irish nobility were presented. Swift, after feigning to con the book with the utmost attention, returned it coolly to his Lordship, observing that he could not discover the name of a single individual of the ancient Irish nobility list. “No!” rejoined the Viceroy, with an extraordinary emotion of surprise — “Be not astonished, my Lord,” replied the Dean; “for being the most haughty men on earth, I am persuaded they will never attend at your lordship’s levees: but should your lordship condescend to accompany me, *incog*, to-morrow morning, I doubt not but I shall have the honor of presenting

several of them to your excellency.” “That I will with the greatest pleasure,” exclaimed his Lordship. At the time appointed, the Dean conducted the Viceroy *incog*, arm in arm, down from the castle of Dublin to a quay on the south side of the river Liffey, where a number of coal-porters stood in waiting for a call. “Here,” said Swift, “is the illustrious O’Driscoll (taking one of them by the hand) lord of—, and here the noble O’Flaherty, and here”— “Stop! stop!” said the Lord Lieutenant, “proceed no further, for I am persuaded they are all *equally* noble, great and illustrious.” On their return to the castle, the Viceroy asked the Dean why he had so grossly deceived him. “I have not deceived your Excellency,” said Swift; “the men whom I have introduced to your Lordship are actually the ancient nobility of this *country*, whose fertile and extensive domains, through the *revolutions it has undergone*, have passed into the possession of others.”

*Irish music.*—In the reign of Louis the Fourteenth of France, a celebrated professor of music, named John Baptiste Lully, resided at Paris. An unfortunate exiled Irishman having dined in company with the musician and other French gentlemen; after dinner, when their spirits became exhilarated by sparkling Champagne, the sprightly Frenchman began to sing, but perceiving the Irishman

not partaking of their mirth, they bantered him for his sadness.—He informed them that if it could promote their pleasure, he would sing an Irish song, which they willingly consented to hear.

Possessing a good voice, understanding his native language well, and animated with his subject, he sung with great feeling and energy, an air; which had been composed in the first age of our political misfortunes, by a celebrated Irish bard. The Frenchmen, although ignorant of the language, were much affected with the sweetness of the Irish song; And Lully the musician, who had listened with marked attention to the Irishman while singing, as soon as he had finished, exclaimed: "That is the music of a people who have lost their liberties."

### LADY'S MISCELLANY

NEW-YORK, January 4, 1812

"Be it our task,

To note the passing tidings of the times

#### A Tremendous Conflagration

*It is impossible to describe our feelings on a perusal of the following heart-rending intelligence from Richmond, Virginia. It seldom falls to the lot of any to witness or hear of a calamity so terrible—so appalling! But, it is the will of an ever-ruling Providence, whose ways are mysterious, thus to chastise a sinful People with the most terrific visitations—Let the mourning City of Richmond prove a useful warning to the thoughtless!—What a scene of distress is here presented—Fathers and Mothers, Sisters and Brothers, all buried in the ruins of a burning Theatre! The Governor of the State—the leading characters of the place—the gayest and most fashionable—those pro-*

*mised in marriage—all, all enveloped in one common heap of fired ruins! The idea is insupportable!*

Extract of a letter from Richmond, dated December 27.

Last night, about 11 o'clock, the play-house of this city, was burnt to the ground in half an hour.—It is said by a lamp in the upper scenery of the Stage, and the flames spreading like lightning. Upwards of 600 people were in the house at the time, 70 or 80 of whom are already ascertained to be burnt to death, or killed in endeavoring to get out of the house, and we fear many more are buried in the ruins. The cries of the dying mother, the screams of the frantic daughter, the frenzy of the expiring son, and the distraction of the husband, were more than enough to draw forth the sympathy of an adamant heart.—Many burnt and wounded are now languishing between life and death.

Another letter, says "I will not attempt to describe to you one of the most distressing scenes that ever happened in Richmond—further than to state, that, while acting the after piece of 'Raymond and Agnes,' last night, between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock, the flames burst from above on the stage. Six or 7 hundred people were in the house. Myself and family are all safe. But how shall I tell you of the misery spread over the city. Let the names of some of the victims, with whom you are acquainted, paint it to your imagination.

'Mrs Picket is much burnt. Dr. M'Caw is violently hurt. Many are now occupied in digging among the ruins, for the remains of the unfortunate victims what sights!—not more than parts of two or three bodies will it be possible to identify, and that only by trinkets, &c. The bank is closed, every shop is shut, and every countenance full of woe.'

Another letter states, that 'at least 150 persons, of all descriptions, lost their lives. Some suppose the number of 300, including the maimed; the latter may not be far from the truth. So suddenly was the house enveloped in flames, that two thirds of the number present, it is supposed, perished in them. Mr. Richards, Mr. Page and several others had their legs broken, by leaping from the windows, or by being trodden under



foot. Nearly all in the upper galleries perished. Sixty or eighty skeletons have been dug out of the ruins—not more than one or two have been recognized.

A meeting at the Capitol has been held. The bones now recognized will be interred together, &c. A monument by subscription, will be raised over them. A day of thanksgiving and prayer is recommended on Wednesday next. Long, long, will the Citizens of Richmond bewail this melancholy event.

Another letter observes, 'The fire happened on Mr. Placide's benefit night—the house was crowded, and the burst of the flames was an instantaneous, that very few of the ladies in the upper boxes were saved. One gentleman in those boxes escaped almost miraculously: He was sitting with two small girls and a boy when the fire was discovered. The boy leaped from the window and escaped unhurt. The gentleman took the two girls, one under each arm, resolved on exertions, and flew with them to the stair-case, jamming them between his breast and the people before him striving to keep himself straight, but in vain: the pressure from behind, and those leaping over head overpowered him.—He was bent down with the children in his arms, and from that time he knew nothing of what passed till several hours afterwards he came to his senses and found himself in his own bed.—He must have been wedged up so as to be forced along unconsciously by the mass, as he was picked up at some distance from the play house.—The children escaped with but little hurt.—The wife of this gentleman, who was in another part of the house, saved herself by leaping out of a window, in company with a young lady, who perished in the attempt. A case which excites singular sympathy, is that of young Lieut. Gibbons of the navy. He had got clear of the house and saved his mother's life with his own, but finding that Miss Conyers was left behind, he rushed into the blazing building in search of her, and was never seen more: both perished in the flames.

Another letter says, 'the burst of flames was instantaneous, and required the immediate exercise of resolution. A gentleman who had two helpless little girls and a boy of twelve years of age under his protection, in the second tier of boxes seized the two least capable of

exertion with a view of saving them, happily with success. The little boy dropped from the window, and miraculously escaped unhurt. The gentleman reached the stair-case with his interesting charge, but the pressure behind, and those leaping over his head, overpowered him.—He sunk with the children under his arms, and with them was providentially released from their perilous situation, by being carried with the current of the crowd out of the house in a state of insanity; from which he recovered to be blessed with the sight of the object of his tender care, in perfect safety. One house adjoining the Theatre was burnt.

List of Dead and Missing, as reported by the committee of nine appointed to ascertain the same.

*Jefferson Ward*—George W Smith; Sophia Trouin; Cecelia Trouin, Joseph Jacobs, Elizabeth Jacobs, his daughter Cyprian Marks, wife of Modcai Marks Charlotte Raphael, daughter of Solomon Raphael, Adeline Bauman, Ann Craig, daughter of Mrs Adam Craig.—Nuttall, a carpenter, Pleasant, a mulatto woman, Nancy Patterson, do.

*Madison Ward*—Abraham B Venable President of the Bank, Wm. Southgate, Benj. Botts and wife, Arianna Hunter, Mary Whitlock; Julianna Harvey, Mrs Heron, Mrs. Girardin and child, Mrs. Robert Greenbow, Mrs. Moss, Barack Judah's child, Mrs. Less'ie, Edward Wanton, a youth, Geo. Dixon a youth, Wm. Brown, Mrs. Patterson, John Welch, a stranger, nephew to Sir A. Pigott, late from England, Margaret Copland, do. Anderson, Sally Gatewood, Mary Clay, Lucy Gawthney, Louisa Mayo, Mrs. Gerard, Mrs. Gibson, Miss Green, Mary Davis, Thos. Frazer a youth, Jane Wade, Mrs. Wm. Cook & daughter, Elizabeth Stevenson, Mrs. Convert and child, Pattey Griffin, Fanny Goff, a woman of colour, free; Philadelphia —, missing.

*Monroe Ward*—Mrs. Taylor Braxton, Mrs. Elizabeth Page, Mrs. Jerrod, Jas. Waldon; Miss Elliot, from N. Kent, Mrs. Gallego, Miss Conyers, lieut. Jas. Gibbons, Mrs. Thos. Wilson, Maria Nelson, Miss Mary Page, Laforest—Almerine Marshall, of Wythe county.

A general funeral procession took place this morning (20th) from E. Trent's where Mrs. Patterson's corpse was de-

posited, to the place of general interment of all the bones that could be found of the victims to the late dreadful conflagration.

The following was the order of Procession, as agreed upon by the commissioners appointed by the common Hall: Corpses, Clergy, Mourners and Ladies, Executive Council, Directors of the Bank, Judiciary Members of the Legislature, Court of Hustings, Common Hall, Citizens on foot, do. on horse back.

The members of the Legislature, who were at the Theatre, all escaped.

### DISASTERS.

From the different coasters down the Sound, we learn that a sloop loaded with flour went ashore at Norwalk—a new sharp pilot-boat schooner at Black Rock bound to New-York, bilged; and a sloop at the same place, high and dry—a sloop from New-York for E. Hampton, ashore at Crane Neck and out of 13 souls on board 12 perished.

The sloop *Traveler*, Conklin of East Haddam, from Sagg Harbour bound to New-York, was lost on Eaton's Neck, during the last snow storm. Out of 14 persons on board only one was saved.

The wreck of a sloop with "Southold" on her stern, is ashore near the same place.

We learn by Ebenezer W Case, that the sloop *Rosetta*, of Southold, Captain Wells, was lost opposite Smith Town, near Stony Brook Harbour on Monday night; the crew consisting of the Captain, Gilbert Goldsmith, Jonah Wicks, Samuel Davids, Samuel Payne, James Mapes, and Cyrus, a blackman, were all lost.—Our informant apprehends the loss of the sloop *Eagle*, of Southold, together with the crew, consisting of capt. Jennings, Benj Wells, Benj. Taylor, and Gilbert Case—supposed to have sunk.

### A DOUBLE MURDER.

Extract of a letter from an officer in the Navy, dated Norfolk, Dec. 26.

"A most horrid circumstance took place here last evening—Young Mercer whom you have often heard me mention, had received an insult from the mate of some merchantman—a challenge followed, and last evening about sundown

they met within a mile of the town, their distance of fighting was only sufficient for them not to touch the body with each other's pistols—the word was given—both fired, and both fell DEAD!—The whole town is in an uproar on the occasion. The seconds have taken safety by flight, leaving their dead comrades without a soul near them—their bodies were brought to town last evening and will this day be interred.

\* Mr. Mercer was an officer in the navy, and nephew to General Mercer.

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### Married.

At Flushing, L. I. on Saturday evening last, by the rev Mr. Bulkley, Mr. Henry W Freeman, merchant, of this city to Miss Mary F. Roe, daughter of Mr. Lawrence Roe, of the former place.

At Albany Isaac Lansing, to Miss Elanor Groesbeck

At Albany Peter F. Miller, to Miss Ellen Oakley.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Henry P. Strong, Mr. John Ayres, to Miss Mary Clark.

At Columbia village on Thursday Nov. 14th by the rev. Mr. Condit, Mr. John H. Stevens, merchant of Newark to the Amiable Miss Lydia H. Ely, daughter of Mr. Calvin Ely of the former place.

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### Died.

On Tuesday last, of a lingering illness, Robert Alexander, much lamented by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

In Georgetown, in Kentucky, on the 10th inst. Dr. Stiles; and some days before his son John Stiles

In Georgetown Isaac C. Gano, of the same place, and all formerly of this city.

At Copenhagen, Henry Giles Bankson, an officer of the ship *Lion* of Philadelphia.

At New-Orleans, Maria F. J. Larroque

At Philadelphia, Daniel Roberts and Peter Delamar.

On Thursday morning last in the 46th year of his age, Mr. Thomas Dick.

On Thursday morning last, Mrs. Elizabeth Davies, aged 52.





"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,  
The Muses sung in strains alternate."

### NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS,

TO THE

FAIR PATRONS

OF THE

Lady's Weekly Miscellany.

Blest be the man who early prov'd  
And first contriv'd to make it clear  
That TIME upon a dial mov'd,  
And trac'd that circle call'd a year;

Ere he arose, the savage, Man,  
No bounds to years or seasons knew.  
On Nature's book his reckoning ran,  
And social festivals were few.

In after days when folks grew wise,  
New wonderments were daily found,  
Systems they built above the skies,  
And prov'd that every thing went round.

Experience shews they reason'd right,  
(With laurels we their tombs should crown)

For half the world is in such plight  
That one would swear it upside down.

Now I am one, (and pray attend)  
Who marching in a smaller sphere,  
To set you right my service lend,  
By bringing Papers through the year.

Which to your ladyship's impart  
A thousand new invented schemes,  
The works of wit, and toils of art,  
Novels, Biography and dreams:

Though in a sheet, at random cast,  
Our motley knowledge we dispose,  
From such a mass in ages past,  
Much less substantial fabrics rose:

The Sybil wise, as Virgil says,  
Her writings to the leaves consign'd,  
Which soon were borne a thousand ways,  
Derang'd and scatter'd by the wind.

Not such neglect in me is seen—  
Soon as my leaves have left the press  
I haste to bring them, neat and clean,  
At all times in a New Years dress.

Though winds their ancient spite retain,  
And strive to tear them from my hold,  
I bear them safe though wind and rain,  
Despising heat, despising cold.

While thus employ'd, once in a week:  
You surely will not think it hard  
If, with the rest, I come to seek  
Some humble token of regard.

Nor will you deem my conduct strange  
If what I long have thought be true—  
That life itself is constant change,  
And death, the want of something new.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Mr. Editor

If you think the following original  
piece (ON RETIREMENT) worthy  
of a place in your paper—you will please  
to insert it.—

Oh nature! let me still enjoy,  
Thy sweets so pure can never cloy;  
The shadowy pine, the cedar grove,  
Such scenes as those must claim my love.  
Wrap round my heart, absorb each sense  
Thou parent of sweet innocence,

Retirement each bliss can give  
 In it forever let me live,  
 Each gayer pleasure I'd resign,  
 But Oh! retirement be mine.  
 A mossy bank, my chosen bed,  
 While Zephyrs play around my head,  
 A gurgling stream shall gently flow,  
 Those beauties nature, thou bestow;  
 My fate consign me to thy arms,  
 A willing captive to thy charms;  
 Grant me but this! 'tis all I crave,  
 Share that, which soars beyond the  
 grave.

NINA.

Written by Mr. John M'Creary.

[TUNE—"Hermit of Killarney."]

Long dark and deep the cloud hath  
 gloom'd,  
 That shrouded Erin's fame,  
 Long have her weeping sons been  
 doom'd  
 To misery and shame;  
 But still indignant they aspire,  
 To burst the galling chain,  
 And boldly fan the sacred fire,  
 Which burns in every vein,  
 Again the harp is heard to ring,  
 The deeds of other days,  
 Again its voice is heard to sing  
 The conquering heroes' praise.  
 Oh! how its sounds the brave shall  
 warm,  
 The lance of pipe to wield,  
 And proudly guide the battle storm,  
 Along the tented field  
 Then with green shamrocks crown the  
 bowl;  
 And toast old Erin's name,  
 While each man warmly from his soul,  
 Breaths forth Columbia's fame;  
 He who forgets the early groves,  
 Where youthful pleasures flew,  
 No other country ever loves;  
 To none will e'er prove true.

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### CARPET WEAVER.

The subscriber, respectfully solicits  
 the patronage of the Lady's in this city,  
 as carpet weaver.—he is an aged man,  
 and wishes to employ his time in this  
 way, as weaving has been his general  
 profession, he will be thankful for, and  
 will strictly attend to all orders left for  
 him at No. 12 Henry street,  
 August 17th 1811. John Jones.

Thomas H. Brantingham, has removed  
 to No. 145 Broadway, where he conti-  
 nues to procure money on Mortgages,  
 notes of hand & deposits, buys & sells  
 houses, improved farms, & tracts of land  
 Also lets & leases houses & lots, on rea-  
 sonable commision.—Also the lease of  
 2 houses, & an annuity. Also for sale 30  
 farms, several with good improvements,  
 will be sold low, goods & property of e-  
 very sort taken in payment, or any who  
 forms a company tickets & draw for the  
 different farms will be liberally paid for it  
 Also a skilfull farming man with a good  
 character, will meet with encouragement  
 by applying as above,

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